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out of the violin. No dancing was there further that night; he played and played until the perspiration ran from him in a stream; and it was long after the usual hour of breaking up that he was allowed to take rest. This was certainly a little farther than he intended to carry the joke; but, rewarded by the smiles of the village beauties, he bade them farewell on the following morning, and departed.

He next sought an engagement as *chor-repetitor* at a provincial theatre. The terms offered were rather low, but having seen Rosalie Mara in the direction-room, he resolved to accept them. As the members of the *troupe* became acquainted with his musical abilities, they respected him; and as he became aware of the intrigues and cabals carried on behind the curtain, he despised them. Rosalie made an exception to this. Corresponding tastes and habits soon brought them nearer and nearer together; and, from being his pupil in music, in which she made great progress, she became his tutor in other things. The awkwardness gradually lost itself, he acquired confidence and consequent grace; and he could be looked at by Rosalie without having occasion to blush at any violation of conventional rules. They interchange accounts of their history, by which he learned she had lost her father when not more than ten years of age; that her mother was forced to earn bread as a wandering harpist; that she accompanied her in her expeditions, and through a good voice and a quick ear was enabled to take her mother's place. It was on one of these excursions that the director of the *troupe* had heard, and immediately after engaged her.

About two years after this, we find the couple in the green-room of the celebrated opera-house at Berlin. Rosalie was *seconda donna*, and Alexander in his old charge of *chor-repetitor*. The friendship existing between them was replaced by the most intense love. It seemed as though one could not live without the other, and when they sat, in a summer evening's twilight, on the balcony at the rear of the house, and sang together, one could not help perceive the union of souls as well as sounds. A duett composed by Alexander for the *tete-a-tete*, was her favorite; and the strains of its melody continually haunted her. But it was at this place where Rosalie first imbibed the sweet poison of unmeaning flattery. The officers of the garrison, who very often came behind the scenes, could not help noticing a creature so lovely, and though at first she indignantly resented their compliments, they at last had their effect. The company of Alexander lost its charms; the favorite duett was no longer sung, and she scarcely took the trouble to replace a broken string on her harp. Alexander's pain and grief were too deep and sincere to allow him to make any display of it—a display which might have brought her back to him. But he was too proud to resort to such means; and, locking up his trouble in his heart, his only object became to protect Rosalie from the snares laid for her by her new lovers.

Owing to the number and rank of her admirers, and to her own vast improvement in singing, we see her again, one year later, in the Grand Opera, at Vienna, as the *prima donna*, and idolized by all the wealth and fashion of the city. Until now Alexander had hoped that she would remain faithful; but when, blinded by ambition of wealth and station, she promised her hand to the count de Fayssoux, his last spark of hope fled. He

raved like a madman; and after showering burning kisses on the ring she had given him, he threw it on the floor and crushed it to pieces. Her miniature was first bathed with tears, and then thrown into the fire. He took an affectionate leave of all these relics of happier days, and then destroyed them all, with the exception of a lock of her hair, which was the first gift he ever received from her. When he heard that the wedding was to be celebrated, he was one of the earliest spectators on the spot. The scene which he had caused in the church restored him for a moment to reason; but in the next moment all was again dark in his mind; and it was in this state that he took his guitar and gave her the melancholy serenade we have mentioned before. When she opened the window he thought he was again in Berlin serenading his beloved Rosalie. This delusion so completely took possession of his mind, that he returned every evening at the same time, calling her in one moment by the most tender names, and in the next reproaching her with faithlessness. A friend of his, alarmed at his declining state of health, prevailed on him to return to his native village, to recruit his mental and physical powers.

No sooner had Rosalie promised her hand to the count, than forebodings of the darkest kind haunted her continually. She had no rest; she could not banish her thoughts; and had her lover been perceived but five minutes before in the cathedral, the marriage ceremony would never have been performed. But this was not granted by fate, and she became thus wretched, without any corresponding hopes of happiness. That her husband should have so soon forgotten her, is not to be wondered at. He had proposed to her in a moment of excitement, and, though regretting it the next moment, could not well retract. He was not much grieved at the loss of his wife, and immediately took steps to procure a divorce, in order to remove the blot upon his escutcheon. The countess had been soon convinced, of his hollowness of heart, and, bewailing her error, she left the palace one evening while her husband was consoling himself for his marriage with a party of friends. She took nothing with her but a necklace, presented to her by the Empress of Austria, after her representation of Norma, and the harp which had belonged to her mother; and which was the only and constant witness of her first and only passion. The gloom which took possession of her mind from the event in the cathedral had deepened into madness by the time she left the palace. She wandered through the fields, playing the air of the duett composed by Alexander. At one time she fancied herself Juliette, and that her lover was Romeo. In the next moment she was Norma, then the countess, then poor Rosalie, wandering with her harp. The director's room, where she first saw Alexander, the stage at Vienna, the palace, and the cathedral, with its gloomy light, were all recalled to her mind in the greatest confusion. Sometimes she called her lover by name, and when asked whither she was going, replied: "to meet Alexander." She avoided all the larger towns in her wanderings; and found more pity from the warm hearted peasants, who gave her food and shelter, than she would have had from the more polished citizens. She wandered in this manner for six months, and at last arrived at the birth-place of Alexander. Here she learned that he had been there, but after burying his father, who died suddenly, had left. She resumed her

wanderings, and the next place she visited was Berlin. Here one of her first admirers saw her in the street, and struck with pity at her forlorn condition, he had her conveyed to a lunatic asylum. From this, after a lucid interval of many months, which caused a relaxed watch over her, she escaped, and resumed her wanderings. She had by chance seen a newspaper which announced his coming marriage, and she determined to seek him, ask his forgiveness, and prepare to die.

Two years after the marriage of Rosalie with the French envoy, the name of Feodor appeared in all the journals of the day. Calmed by a residence of months in his village, and brought to reflection by the death of his father, he soon determined that to resume the study of music was the only way to master his grief. This period was his first triumph. A new opera sent his name through the world, as its successful composer, and as his history also found its way in the papers, a double interest was felt in his beautiful compositions. At a concert-room he had made acquaintance of Maria Lowe, a young lady of remarkable beauty, and of fascinating manners. After a short courtship, he offered her his hand and heart, and was accepted.

At this wedding there were neither gorgeous equipages nor noble guests, and the scene was not in a palace, nor were the actors of noble blood; but the congratulations were as sincerely meant as they were plainly told. The guests had just left the house; the lamps gave out a dim light; and every thing was fast inclining to that state of repose so desirable after confusion and excitement, when Alexander heard a few chords on a stringed instrument. Thinking that his friends meant to surprise him by a serenade, he did not open the window, as his first impulse prompted, in order that they would enjoy the pleasure, as they would think, of awaking him of his slumbers. He called his young wife and listened attentively; but nothing was heard save a few chords on some instrument, played evidently by a masterly hand. Satisfied that this was no serenade from his friends, he ventured to open the window, when a strain of music struck on his ear which chained him on the spot. A weak, but clear voice sung words and music which he well knew. He started; the artificial veil which he had tried to weave between the past and present was rent; and he recognized the duett he had sung years before with Rosalie.

"This must be she!" exclaimed Alexander, and rushed down to the street. She had now changed the words, and "forgive me—forgive me," was the final phrase of the song. "I do forgive thee, as I hope to be forgiven!" cried Alexander, and sprang forward, only to catch her, a lifeless corpse, in his arms. The harp, her only companion, fell to the ground, and with a crash that thrilled his every nerve, broke into pieces.

MUSICAL TRAVELING-IMPRESSIONS FROM THE EAST.

BY FERY KLETZER.*

Batavia, the 29th June, 1866.

It is a universally known fact that Batavia is one of the finest colonies, and Java one of

* From the Berlin *Tonkünstler Verein*. Herr H. Mendel, the editor of the above paper, informs us that, some time since, Herr Fery Kletzer, the well-known Hungarian Violoncellist, forwarded him the following papers, with liberty to publish them, if they should strike him as being sufficiently interesting. In the year 1864, Herr Fery Kletzer and Herr Charles Wehle resolved to make a pro-

the finest islands in the world. The population of Batavia is civilized, friendly, and most especially kind and obliging towards strangers, when recommended either by letters of introduction or by their own worth. The Batavian is fond of patronizing European artists—but—*tout comme chez nous*, likes being paid, after his own fashion, for so doing. That an artist asked out to dinner or tea here is expected never to come without his instrument, is an understood thing. Herr Jacobson, a rich banker from Amsterdam, said recently, after a supper he had given, and in reference to certain artists whom, for the purpose of showing off a little, he had invited to it: "These people do not at all please me. I gave them a supper, and they have not so much as thanked me for it." These words will strike the reader as still more characteristic of the feeling entertained by the rich merchants here when we inform him that the very same Herr Jacobson absolutely entreated me for four whole days, as a favor, to dine and play at his house, as he wanted to be the first to secure me.

Herr Rochuson, a son of the former Governor, plays, thanks to his name, an important part in Samarang. He took all imaginable pains to get us to his house. After we had played there, he forced upon us two letters of recommendation,† in which he describes us as two artists, and begs the persons to whom the letters were sent to assist us, for Heaven's sake, as *we had no money*.—The Governor himself does nothing for art, and, as a rule, resides at Buitengorg, which is four hours' journey from here. His want of feeling and indifference in the matter not unfrequently infects the other grand people of the place. Notwithstanding this, musical matters are comparatively more flourishing in Java than elsewhere. Every town, even the smallest, possesses its Vocal Association, or its "Harmony" (band.) At Samarang and Sourabaya, we actually found two musical directors, who, notwithstanding they are mere ordinary hauboists, and can scarcely tell you what a triad is, have a guaranteed monthly salary of from nine hundred to a thousand florins. The circumstance is easily explained, however, as these two gentlemen are the only professional pianists and music-masters in the above two towns.

In Batavia there is a Vocal Association consisting of thirty-six members, who, under the guidance of their talented conductor, Herr von Hemmert, sometimes gives performances of great merit. How susceptible here people are in musical matters is proved by the fact that a Count B. challenged the above conductor for having asserted that the Count had sung out of tune. There are several pianists, also, in Batavia, who gain a considerable income by their art. The principal, if not the most talented, one among them is Herr Reichmann, who gives lessons in the best families, and, by his interest, can be of exceedingly great service to foreign artists desirous of playing here.‡ I must

professional tour round the world. They had not got further than Java, however, when the former was attacked by a serious illness, and the latter, being recalled to Europe by the death of his father, compelled to leave his comrades to his fate. On his recovery, Herr Kletzer abandoned his project of proceeding further, and, shortly afterwards, returned home like his friend.

† Wehle opened them, as he had resolved not to deliver any letter which did not contain the truth. We did not require any letters, however, as we enjoyed a good name.

‡ Reichmann does not play particularly well, but is a good musician. On one occasion, Wehle behaved very grandly towards Reichmann, who determined to punish him by means of his superior knowledge. By Reichmann's influence, Wehle was invited to an evening party at the Austrian Consul's. He was there requested to transpose

mention, likewise, some of the more prominent musical amateurs, who are most affable towards, and ready to oblige all professional visitors. They are: Herr Meyll, a young man, with a good theoretical education; Herr von Hemmert, an artist of good taste and energy; Herr Tribelli, a gentleman endowed with a great fondness for art and study but not properly trained; Herr Wablen, a respectable tenor; and Herr Schwartz, a baritone, whose voice has been gone a very long time. Another gentleman, whom I must not pass over in silence, is Herr Baay, a true Mécenas of art, of more use to professional visitors than all the individuals already named put together, for, if necessary, he gives them money. Herr Westermann is equally amiable, and ever ready to help artists both by word and deed. I most particularly recommend Mad. Wunderbeck to traveling concert-givers; she sings exceedingly well, and renders German songs more especially with a great deal of feeling.

Samarang, too, can boast of some sterling amateurs, whose great aim is to assist foreign artists to the utmost of their power. Herr Ter Meer, is a musical amateur who has heard a great deal in the course of his life, and knows how to appreciate what is good; Herr Borell, an officer, is a very good pianist, playing and accompanying with marked talent. There are few *Concertstücke* that he does not possess or play. The conductor of the local orchestra, which is very passable, and consists partly of military performers, is Herr Hösel, formerly a hauboist, from Holland.

Sourabaya boasts of several young people with very good voices, who have combined to form a well-conducted Vocal Association. Solo possesses only two families that are musical: the Wilkens and the Schulzs, in both of which the foreign artist will meet with a friendly welcome and assistance. Dyneja is highly musical; Herr Feltkamp accompanies very well, and Mdle. Sion is a skillful pianist. On our return to Batavia, after having made a short tour through the neighboring towns, we resolved to get up a few concerts. Just at that time there was an operatic company, under the management of Herr Lemoine, performing at the Theatre, but their performances were not very numerously attended. We accepted, therefore, the invitation of the Aurora Society to play at their concert for the sum of five hundred florins. The successful issue of this concert encouraged us to come to an agreement with the managers of the Theatre. Lemoine placed two days in the week, Wednesday and Saturday, at our disposal. The first Saturday fell, unfortunately, on a general holiday; the consequence was that very few people came, and our whole receipts amounted to only 250 florins. As a matter of course, Lemoine took care to be well paid for the building and the co-operation of his band, which was very bad. As this first concert did not prove very lucrative to either party, Lemoine withdrew his word, and refused to let us have the Theatre again. I spoke to my patrons, Westermann, Tribelli, and others, who immediately set

for a certain singer a melody (the death-scene from *Lucia*) half a tone lower. He confessed himself unable to do so. As, however, he had announced himself as a pianist from Paris he lost all his previous reputation. Reichmann, on the other hand, played grand Concert-pieces, and immediately transposed all he played. As Wehle, moreover, played nothing save his "Marche Cosaque," "Tarantelle," and "Canzonetta," he forfeited the good opinion people had entertained of him, and when he announced his intention of giving lessons in Batavia, he—did not obtain a single pupil.

about getting up a concert for me. It brought in 800 florins. We took even a larger amount at a concert which was got up to oblige me at the Theatre, and which was also our farewell concert. We resolved to proceed next to Samarang and Sarabaya. There are three ships, subsidized by the Government, which sail from Batavia to those places. They are very good, the cooking and all the arrangements being admirable. The only drawback is that the prices are somewhat too high, and we did not know, even on our return, that the company charges artists half-price only. The entire journey from Batavia to Samarang occupies altogether thirty hours, and costs sixty florins a head.

Samarang is not so fine as Batavia. The vegetation there is not so luxuriant as in the latter place, though the heat is far greater. The town itself is narrow, the houses being built close together, and surrounded by the huts of the natives. The European or elegant quarter, separated from the other quarters by a large square, consists of three streets, the houses in which are very fine, and surrounded by magnificent gardens. The town possesses only two inns, in every respect resembling each other. The expense of living there, everything included, varies from five to six florins a day; four florins extra per day are charged for the use of the carriage. The evenings in Samarang are far more agreeable and cool than in Batavia, because the mountains in the neighborhood diffuse a most refreshing temperature through the town. Unfortunately, when there is no moon, the nights are not very enjoyable, because the streets are scarcely lighted, though in Batavia gas has been introduced. The greatest part of the population consists of Chinese, who conduct all the intermediate trade throughout the island. The natives are far more parsimonious in their mode of life than the foreigners. The Europeans, though limited in numbers, are exceedingly domineering. They cannot, however, amass large fortunes as easily as they could twenty years ago. Living here is enormously expensive; the Government officials can scarcely pay their way, and the officers lead a very retired and simple life. Private persons have a hard time of it, since there is no such thing as real property. Government never sells an estate, but simply lets it; most of the factories, and more especially the tobacco plantations, go to ruin. The Government derives every year 60,000,000 florins from a ninth of the island, all the rest being in its primitive state. Communication is maintained by means of posting. Four horses cost one florin a pal (about an English mile.)* It is altogether incomprehensible how the Dutch in this country can submit to so many acts of oppression and restriction. An immense amount of influence is required for permission to settle here, or in fact to do anything. The concert which we gave in the room of the St. Cecilia Society was very fully attended, and we took 900 florins, though our expenses were heavy. We had to pay the Society two hundred and fifty florins for the use of the room. One or two advertisements in the papers cost sixty florins. For hire of the pianos we paid twenty-five florins,

* A "pal" is shorter than an English mile. The roads are so bad that travelers generally hire eight horses. Besides these, there are two men who run on first; one who urges the horses forward from behind, by cracking a whip; and two drivers; the expense is about ten florins a mile, everything included. But this mode of traveling is limited to persons of high rank, or artists who possess influence.

and twenty florins for between two and three hundred bills.

I formed a less favorable opinion of the Dutch here than of those in Europe. In the country here they are afraid to come out of their own houses, and consider few persons worthy to be received in them. They are extremely reserved and lead a quiet family life, (though the young men frequently have native concubines,)[†] their sole aim being to possess fine houses, horses and carriages. They trouble their heads about nothing else, except their business, by which they seek to profit as speedily and as much as possible, in order to be enabled to return soon to the land of their birth. The natives are, as a rule, uneducated, neglected, and of limited intellect. They hate the Europeans from the very bottom of their hearts, looking upon them as so many thieves, who have stolen their inheritance.

The women are better than their reputation; you may, however, travel through every nook and corner of Java, and meet hardly ten pretty girls. The ladies possess more intellect than the men, but then they have more time to cultivate it. In Samarang, besides a theatrical club, which consists of only male members, as the ladies cannot make up their minds to act in public, there is the "Société," as it is called, a club-house where beer, brandy, and ice, are to be had; where there are cards and billiards; and where the young clerks spend the little money they have in whiling away the monotony of their existence by drinking. We embarked and reached Sumbawa. The accommodation at the Marine Hotel, where we alighted, is bad; the rooms are damp and close. While on the way, I had suffered from a violent attack of illness. On entering my room, I felt a presentiment that I should become much worse. Such was the case, and though I was removed, by orders of Dr. Schneider, to other lodgings, there was no change in my state. I labored under the most terrible dysentery, and was prostrated for seven months; it was entirely to the disinterested care of Dr. Schneider, that I owed my life. Wehle, who had previously been my companion, had returned to Europe, hardly bidding me good-bye before he went. When I left my bed for the first time, Herr Dietz, a teacher of the piano-forte, called and voluntarily proposed to undertake the management of my concerts. I thankfully accepted his offer, and gave him the necessary powers.

[†] There are villages in Java where the young girls are brought up for the Europeans. They never chew betel, in order that their teeth may remain white. In former times, the Government officials were entitled to keep as many servants and mistresses as they liked and could afford; at present they do such things, as a rule, in secret. But even if a European does live (quite openly) with a mulatto, or native woman, he is well received in every family, and can send home for a wife, but he must not keep a European mistress. The young clerk or merchant goes to the proper village, and, for a sum varying from sixty to a hundred florins, purchases of the parents a wife.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BADEN.—This season there is even a great abundance of artistic amusements than usual. Three times a week, a very excellent Italian opera company gives performances. The operas have been Gounod's *Faust*, Ricci's *Crispino*, and Donizetti's *Linda*. The principal singers are Nicolini, Zucchini, Mille. Vitali, and Mille. Grossi.

HANOVER.—On the 29th August, *Die Zauberflöte* was performed here for the hundredth time.

PICTURE DEALING—TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

A London magazine, discoursing of pictures, gives the following curious statistics:—

Pictures have come to be considered as indispensable articles of furniture in every well-appointed house; and it is no uncommon thing, in consequence, to meet with a collector who talks, and evidently thinks, much less of the gems that ornament his gallery, than of the checks by which they were secured. And how grossly the "old masters" are belied in many of these collections! They had no more to do with the productions to which their names are appended, in all the splendor that gilt letters can give them, than the purchaser himself. But if a man will order a Claude five feet by three and a half, because he has a spare corner of those dimensions, he had better not inquire too closely, any more than in the case of a St. Anthony's tooth, as to what animal it originally belonged. In London alone, there are, I suppose, sold every year more pictures by the "old masters" than are left to us of their paintings altogether. Let me mention two facts. In the year 1845, the number of pictures imported into England, amounted according to the returns of the Custom House, to 14,901. In one month of the same year, there were sold by auction in London alone, without reckoning those included in furniture sales, though the number of these must have been considerable, 4,617.

The difference between the prices at which such pictures are acquired, and those they fetch when brought to the hammer, is amusing. A Raffaele, declared in the auction-room to have cost its late owner 1,000 guineas, sells for £37! A Yorkshire gentleman bequeaths twelve of his pictures to the National Gallery: they are rejected, every one. The whole collection is brought to the hammer; it had cost £3,000; it produces £150—about the value of the frames. Nor is it only in England that a man sells a horse for a gross of green spectacles. A French collector insures his gallery for 3,339,500 francs. It is sold some years afterward, numerous additions having meantime been made to it, for 535,435 francs. And one cannot imagine in these cases, that there is any such possible explanation as in the case of the Earl of Suffolk's ten pictures—Guido's "Ecce Homo" amongst them—that were stolen so mysteriously from Charlton Park, in October, 1856, and not recovered till the early part of 1858, when some of them had been hanging in a small public house and an old picture shop, but failed to meet with purchasers, as they were considered such very inferior productions!

Many of the pictures brought into England, are most likely re-exported. One day I was in a well known warehouse in the city, when on turning a corner I knocked down what in the imperfect light seemed to be a valuable landscape. Knowing the art propensities of some of the partners, I was really afraid I had committed some perhaps irreparable damage; but a young man who came to my rescue, soon reassured me. "Never mind, sir; we have plenty of these—we deal in pictures." Wholesale of course, as it was a wholesale house. Accordingly I was soon introduced to a large collection. On my pointing to one, and saying if I bought any I should buy that, my friend said, "We can do you that cheap; frame and all,

thirty shillings." Those pictures were exported principally to Australia.

Few instances of such forgeries are more amusing than that given in the "confession" of Major Pryse Gordon, for which I am indebted to the *Art Journal*. "When I returned from Italy, in 1800, I had a beautiful copy of the 'Venere Vestita' after Titian in the Pitti Palace; it was painted on a gold ground, and highly finished, and the countenance, I thought, somewhat resembled Mary Stuart, our Scottish Queen. A few years afterward, my virtue was sold by old Christie at the hammer, and in the catalogue this morceau the knowing auctioneer had called 'Mary Stuart, by Titian, the only miniature known to be by that great master's hand.' The bait took, and a person of the name of F— bought it for £55. The next day, I went to the salesroom to settle my accounts, when a queer-looking fellow addressed me, with the miniature in his hand, saying he was the purchaser. 'What a lucky person,' I replied, 'you are, sir? Why, you will make your fortune by this precious article. I advise you to take a room and exhibit it.' He took the hint, advertised it in St. James' street forthwith: 'To be viewed at No. 15, an undoubted miniature of Queen Mary, by Titian, valued at 1,000 guineas,' &c., &c. The public flocked to this wonder, by which the cunning *Pat* put more than £200 in his pocket, and afterward sold this 'unique gem' to Lord Radstock for £750."

A story is told about the late W. Hope, the wealthy banker of Amsterdam, and one of his purchases. He had bought a picture as a Rembrandt, and given 2,000 guineas for it. Finding that it did not quite fit the frame, he sent for a carpenter to ease it a little. Whilst watching the operation, he remarked how wonderfully the picture was preserved, considering that it was nearly two hundred years old. "That is impossible," said the carpenter. "This wood is mahogany: and mahogany had not been introduced into Europe at that time." Mr. Hope burnt the picture.

One can feel no pity for such cases as those of the fellow who said his father's collection consisted almost entirely of Raffaelles and Leonards, with a few Corregios. But there are others in which even the best judges have been deceived. We all remember the purchase, some years ago, of a portrait by Holbein for the National collection for 600 guineas. The authorities, however, have not waited for Mr. Warnum or Dr. Woltman to acknowledge it a forgery. It had been at one time in the possession of Mr. Nieuwenhuys, a well known dealer in Brussels, who had been well content to get £20 for it. Even professed judges differ *toto celo* about particular pictures. One specimen in the National collection—a "Virgin and Child," by Giovanni Bellini—Mr. Conyngham, in a letter to the *Times*, July 11, 1856, assures us is spurious and vamped up, "of the very lowest type of art," and "for educational purposes utterly useless;" whilst Dr. Waagen is equally positive on the other side. "I am acquainted with most of Giovanni Bellini's works in Italy, France, England, and Germany, and setting the indubitable signature on this picture in the National Gallery entirely aside, I know of no 'Madonna and Child' by him, which, as regards the question of genuineness, more decidedly bears the stamp of his hand."

One most successful forger of Raffaelles